

INDIANAPOLIS IN 1889.

(Continued from First Page.)

ing table were obtained. In the whole country there have been, this year, 1,200 more failures than last year. Indianapolis does not contribute to this increase:

Month.	No. Failures.	1888.	1889.
January	24	2,500	2,000
February	24	2,500	2,000
March	24	2,500	2,000
April	24	2,500	2,000
May	24	2,500	2,000
June	24	2,500	2,000
July	24	2,500	2,000
August	24	2,500	2,000
September	24	2,500	2,000
October	24	2,500	2,000
November	24	2,500	2,000
December	24	2,500	2,000
Total.	24	2,500	2,000

There were eight fewer failures this year than last. The excess of failures over assets is only \$169,500, which, for a town of 125,000 and its suburbs, is a splendid showing for a year. Then, too, a manufacturing company failed—unless two (small) bakeries and a (small) shirt factory are exceptions.

TWO MILLIONS IN BUILDINGS.

Including Estimates in the Thriving Suburbs—Bright Prospect for '90.

The amount of building done during the year was in excess of that of 1888, though not quite so much money was expended. Three great fires early in 1888, notably the one on the South Meridian street, and the way in which the city authorities independently saw to new structures, deducting amount that went into the buildings to replace those destroyed by fire, and the sum expended in building the last year is greatly in excess of that of 1888. The business of the year greatly exceeded the expectations of the contractors. They have had plenty of work from early spring to the present time, the exceeding late fall giving them an excellent opportunity to complete contracts for structures that otherwise would not have been finished until next spring.

It is impossible to ascertain the exact amount of building done, or the total sum of money expended, but the following is the building permit book in the City Clerk's office, which is necessarily not exact, from the fact that many buildings are erected for less than the full value of the land on which they are erected. The first two places named have had an exceptionally good market the latter part of the year, due mainly to the fact that street car facilities have been furnished them.

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REAL ESTATE VALUES ADVANCE.

And the Year's Review Shows a Substantial and Solid Improvement.

A city's real estate market is an index of its general prosperity. Strangers with capital to invest never fail to ask among their first questions whether or not the real estate market is on a solid basis. So far as Indianapolis is concerned this question can be answered in the affirmative, and with a degree of security it is satisfying. The year 1889 has been a year of general advance to every city at some time in its history, and to come but once, Indianapolis had that day years ago, and the day experience it cost many a standstill, a barrier to the city's expansion, and the city's expansion again. It required years to recover from the effects of the collapse of the great boom; but, the recovery came thoroughly effected, the city took new life, and the city's expansion again. It required years to recover from the effects of the collapse of the great boom; but, the recovery came thoroughly effected, the city took new life, and the city's expansion again.

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shows something of an improvement over that of 1888, and is an indication that the new life infused into the market by the advent of natural gas is lasting.

Month.	1888.	1889.
January	418	454
February	418	454
March	418	454
April	418	454
May	418	454
June	418	454
July	418	454
August	418	454
September	418	454
October	418	454
November	418	454
December	418	454
Total.	418	454

It will be noticed that there were fewer transfers during the last year than in 1888, and yet the total consideration is over a half million in excess of that of 1888. This indicates that either much more valuable property has changed hands during the last year, or else there has been a considerable increase in values. Real estate agents say that the figures indicated are true. Values, they say, are at least 10 per cent. greater than they were in 1888, and the records substantiate their statements that much more improved property changed hands than in 1888. The business of 1889 was largely confined to unimproved outlots, while during the last year there has been a brisk movement in both improved and unimproved property.

There were 5,437 deeds recorded, representing property valued at \$12,110,749.52. In 1888 the transfers were 4,114, and the total consideration, \$9,094,054. In 1888 the property that changed hands was valued at \$9,094,054. In 1889 the property that changed hands was valued at \$12,110,749.52. This indicates that either much more valuable property has changed hands during the last year, or else there has been a considerable increase in values.

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DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH.

Death Rate Lower in Indianapolis Than in Any American City.

A great many cities, particularly Detroit, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Los Angeles, San Jose and other towns send out every month or two glowing statements of their natural advantages and exploit themselves as health resorts. Yet no American city has so low a death rate as Indianapolis or so few contagious diseases, and in saying this The News speaks by the record. Sanitary Officer Crane and Clerk Edwin C. Hedden have furnished The News with advance statements taken from their forthcoming report of the Board of Health for this year. The figures are complete up to 6 o'clock p. m., December 21:

Sagging up motives.			
Sanitary Officer Crane has flagged, during the year, houses as follows: For diphtheria 254, scarlatina 206, measles 919. The contagious diseases reported each month during the year are as follows:			
Months.	Diphtheria.	Scarlatina.	Measles.
January	26	11	21
February	20	13	44
March	18	9	134
April	17	19	448
May	12	13	485
June	13	42	170
July	11	19	57
August	21	29	47

(Written for The Indianapolis News.)

Long, snoring and sighing.
The dreamer lay on his back,
Of all those who love him
None so true as he himself.
His hand was on his forehead,
His head was on his hand,
His eyes were closed,
His heart was in his hand,
His soul was in his hand,
His life was in his hand,
His death was in his hand,
His resurrection was in his hand,
His kingdom was in his hand,
His glory was in his hand,
His power was in his hand,
His wisdom was in his hand,
His knowledge was in his hand,
His love was in his hand,
His mercy was in his hand,
His grace was in his hand,
His peace was in his hand,
His joy was in his hand,
His hope was in his hand,
His faith was in his hand,
His charity was in his hand,
His life was in his hand,
His death was in his hand,
His resurrection was in his hand,
His kingdom was in his hand,
His glory was in his hand,
His power was in his hand,
His wisdom was in his hand,
His knowledge was in his hand,
His love was in his hand,
His mercy was in his hand,
His grace was in his hand,
His peace was in his hand,
His joy was in his hand,
His hope was in his hand,
His faith was in his hand,
His charity was in his hand,

How fearful the madness
That brought all this address.
What demon allured him?
What power conjured him?
To follow the fearful
Dark path of sin?
When—where did this fearful
Madness begin?
This gloom, dark pathway
Of sorrow begin?

Some one can reveal it—
Why seek to conceal it?
Speak! speak! speak! speak!
Some dear one—your brother,
Young, careless, unthinking,
To run his head against
May banish the dread vortex
That draws unto death.
Speak! utter that word
Which drives the demon
In hooded and clouded
In blackness is his name,
And ruin's fierce madmen
Shall draw his last breath.

Look! look at that form there,
It feebly convulses;
A heart once full of love
With nobler impulses.
A father has taught him,
A mother has blessed him,
A brother has sought him,
A sister has loved him.
And teachers have aided—
But vain their aid—
While bright cheeks have faded—
So fierce his resistance.

Ever yet discontented,
So fester and madder,
Like one who cannot rest,
He sought the disaster.
Down, down to that sorrow
That never has healing,
Which came with each sorrow
Like pestilence stealing.
His presence upon him,
He sank in his madness,
Till folly had won him
Forever to sadness.

No more shall the fallen
Life's struggles engage in,
The restless pollard
To spread the contagion.
No more impressions
The dead one shall utter,
No sinful passions
No beds in the gutter.
But out of the light of
The bright world above him
He sinks from the sight of
The dear ones who love him.

Place a cold marble stone close to his head,
Let its white surface by one word be crossed,
Chisel this epitaph—mark for the dead—
Only a little word—just a word—
LOST.

—(S. S. Gorb.)

A LIVING APPARITION.

A STORY OF THE SAHARA DESERT.

By Grant Allen, Author of the "Tents of Shem," "A Mortal Coil," etc.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.

(Written for The Indianapolis News.)

They descended to the town, Ethel eagerly declaring at each step as she went that she had seen Harold, and knew in which direction he was going. If only she could remember the name of the village. But think as she might that name still eluded her. In vain she turned it over and over in her head. She could only remember it was Beni-Sonaf, something or other. And that was of about as much use in Africa as to remember in England that the name began with an S or a W.

As for Mr. Pennington, he half doubted in his own mind whether Ethel had really seen anything at all. He knew how anxious she had felt for Harold's safety, and how eagerly she had asked this wild notion that the mirage might perhaps reveal to her something definite about his present whereabouts; and he was almost inclined to suppose that in the intensity of her feeling Ethel had let her imagination get the better of her judgment. But Ethel was so certain, and so vehement on the point that he hardly liked to oppose her. In her determination to save Harold Gwinnar, "We must go and look for him!" she cried over and over again with desperate resolve, as they descended the steep and stony path to the level of the river, and we must go and look for him!

When they reached the level and stood in the single long white street, Ethel made most instinctively without one word of explanation, for the first time in her life, a gesture of despair. "Why here?" Mr. Pennington asked with some surprise as she pressed the bell.

"We must get up another expedition; now we have a real clue to follow," Ethel answered, decisively. "Ethel Walcott is on the way back. If only I could remember the name of that village, we would know exactly where to look for them."

"They went in," the Commandant, roused from bed to receive them, listened to their story with far more than mere commonplace French politeness. He was a kindly old man, who had known Gwinnar well for some years now, and was genuinely sympathetic to the cause which he was asked to support. "Mr. Pennington's story," he said, "is a very interesting one, but I am afraid it is a little too late now. The mirage might be relied on to tell the exact truth about what was taking place in the particular corner of the plain. It happened to represent for the passing moment. He twisted his grey mustache to right and left with evident anxiety, and suggested at last: "If mademoiselle were in the office of the mirage, perhaps she might be able to remember the name of the village. Mr. Gwinnar spoke of when she came across it."

"I'm sure," Ethel cried with eager eyes, clinging to his arm, "that I should know it in a moment if only I once heard it or saw it written."

The Commandant retired for a few minutes to an adjoining room, and soon returned, bearing in his arms a huge manuscript map in four sheets, one of which he laid open on the table before her.

Oh, the long, weary search through that great, dull map, produced on a scale of minute French cartographic, and with every village, rock or watercourse in the whole wide stretch of the Algerian Sahara marked carefully down at full length upon it. But Ethel was determined not to shrink one inch of it now, for Harold's sake. She would go over it carefully, square inch by square inch, looking after every individual place or name, and making quite certain that she didn't miss anything. "That's it," she cried, almost gushing with excitement, and pointing to a word in the right-hand corner. "That's it, I'm sure. It was Beni-Sonaf."

The Commandant stared closely at the map, and then at Ethel. "What did it look like?" he asked inquisitively.

Ethel described as well as she could the precise appearance of the oasis and the rocks surrounding it, as she had seen them just before from the fortress-crowned hill-top.

The Commandant folded up the map with a satisfied air. "That's it," he answered,

bowing acquiescence. "Mademoiselle is quite right. I know it perfectly well, this oasis, for I have been there several times myself from the summit by the fort. It is Beni-Sonaf; of that I feel certain. And in what direction, with regard to the village, did you happen to notice it, mademoiselle?"

"At any other time Ethel could not have told him, if her life depended upon it, how the points of the compass lay from the hill-top. But love and great emergencies quicken the senses. She remembered that she was moving to the northeast from the village," she answered almost instantaneously, after an imperceptible mental calculation.

"Or rather, it was a little more east than north, passed to a long bare ridge of rocks, next to the one that hid the village from his sight."

"Quite right," the Commandant answered again. "The very spot. This has often occurred. In effect, a false trail leads off from the true one some six or seven kilometers to the west of Beni-Sonaf; and in times of mirage, when the landmarks are disturbed, or when mad storms obscure them, it often misleads a traveler to his death in the sand dunes of the desert. I have no doubt at all, monsieur," he went on, turning to Mr. Pennington, "that mademoiselle's account is substantially correct, and that Mr. Gwinnar has followed himself along this false track a few miles only to the northeast of Beni-Sonaf."

"And has my brother gone in the right direction to relieve him?" Ethel enquired anxiously.

The Commandant rubbed his grey mustache in doubt once more. "Well, no, mademoiselle," he answered reluctantly, after a short pause. "If I really tell you the whole truth, your brother's caravan has taken a totally wrong course across the desert. I expected a very different error from this. We must organize a second relief party in all haste ourselves. I place the most implicit reliance upon mademoiselle's observations, knowing this mirage effect so well myself, and having so frequently noticed that very village under similar circumstances, from the hill-top; and if mademoiselle will only give me full and particular details as to Mr. Gwinnar's condition and apparent direction, do not doubt that you yourself," Ethel exclaimed fervently, "Papa, we'll go with monsieur to find him."

"But, mademoiselle," the old soldier answered, taken aback at so much genuine British directness and adventurousness, "consider the difficulties and privations of the desert! Such tasks are by no means fit for ladies. And if you go, you know, you'll have to ride a camel!"

"I know," Ethel replied, nothing daunted by his discouraging remarks. "But then, monsieur, and even English women go camping out in the desert now for mere pleasure; and can't I go and face it to save the life of a fellow-countryman?" And she brushed indignantly away the tears that came into her eyes.

The blush set the Commandant's mind at rest at once. He bowed with perfect old-fashioned French politeness. "If mademoiselle is good enough to interest herself so deeply in Mr. Gwinnar's safety," he said blandly, "the relief party will be only too glad to accept her aid. I will organize it at once, and will provide camels for mademoiselle and monsieur."

What an endless time it seemed till they really started! What a far more endless time as they crossed the desert, slow, stage by stage, with Harold Gwinnar, perhaps, dying of thirst.

And yet, under any other circumstances, how strange and interesting an experience it would have been; under these, how painful and wearisome it all seemed to Ethel. How tedious that first day's ride, with the undulating scrub of dry and dusty tree-bushes; how terrible the long hot mid-day halts when Ethel would gladly have pushed on at all risks, under the eye of the weary driver, to the next stage, and fanned herself. The track wound so slowly down deep rocky ravines and over dry beds of ancient streams or across sandy bottoms. The camels marched with such stately and deliberate tread, the Arabs seemed so disinclined to bestir themselves in any way.

At noon the first day they halted for some hours at a bare caravanserai, built like a fort in the midst of a sandy plain. It contained two or three rooms, but no furniture of any kind—nothing but walls, roof and floor. No provisions were procurable, save what they brought with them. Here they had to make do with the best of the sun, and ate and drank from their stores carried on the pack-camels.

But Harold Gwinnar had no shelter from those baking rays, no food or drink in the midst of the desert.

In the cool of evening they proceeded on their way another stage. The country now was absolutely barren, and jerboa rats jumped like miniature kangaroos over the bare sand in every direction. Ethel too preoccupied, however, even to notice them. Her whole soul was now absorbed in the one eager desire to reach the spot where Harold was wandering. Till that was done she could not rest or think of anything.

They halted and bivouacked for the night at a second caravanserai, not unlike the last, offering only the protection of its roof to travelers. The Arabs mounted guard round the place, and Ethel, looking between watches, keeping a look-out by relay against the wandering Bedouins. But Ethel never slept the whole night through. Her heart was too full to allow of sleeping. The first day's march, which like the first, only that, as the desert stretched around them, Ethel felt more and more profoundly than ever the reality of the dangers that threatened Harold Gwinnar.

Her father and the Commandant were kind to her, and did all they could to relieve her anxiety, but that was all. At each step the landscape grew more barren and repulsive; the soil began to shine with crystals of salt, and the air was thick with the thirteenth of the land became more and more apparent, even the very wells at which they halted for the night were so brackish and distasteful that the men and camels could hardly drink the unsalable water.

And still they were two days' march from Beni-Sonaf!

Could Harold Gwinnar hold out till help reached him? Could nature bear the strain thus put upon it?

CHAPTER IV.

Away in the desert, some ten or twelve miles northeast of Beni-Sonaf, three men lay huddled in the shade of a great rock—two brown faced Arabs and a bronzed European. Their clothes were torn with scrambling over rocks, their fingers and palms were bruised and bleeding, their feet were weary with much walking over the hot and baking dry sand of the desert. They were weary with their tongues parched with thirst and their eyes half blinded by the constant glare of the sun on the crystals of the salt and the white gypsum.

For an hour or two they lay, and never stirred hand or foot. They were too exhausted to move. They could only lie and look up at the pale grey sky above them, and wait for death to relieve them from their misery.

One of the Arabs stirred slowly. He lifted one arm on his elbow and rose with an effort, dragging his legs under him as if paralyzed, for he was very weary. But still he climbed the big rock behind, and gazed drearily out over the sands and the distant mountains.

Harold Gwinnar moistened his lips with difficulty, and asked in Arabic, "What do you see, Abd-er-Rahman?"

"The Arab answered in low guttural tones, 'The sand and the sky, and the grey haze on the horizon.'"

Harold Gwinnar turned wearily on his side. "It's no use," he murmured once more in the same language. "We may as well die quietly here without troubling ourselves further."

But Abd-er-Rahman kept his seat on the summit of the big rock, in the eye of the sun, too weary even to climb down again.

After a while Harold opened his eyes once more. "Ah!" he murmured to the other Arab. "I can't bear that you and Abd-er-Rahman should die like this. When you might go on and save yourselves. And if you would, you needn't. I can't move another step myself; but you two are born of desert blood, and you never drop. If only you would leave me here to die in safety, I might make my own way in safety to Tugurt."

The Arab waved his brown hand in a gesture of dissent. "May Allah

forbid it!" he exclaimed fervently. "For five years I have broken your excellent heart for five years I have broken your excellent heart, and a kinder sheikh no man has ever served under. If I were to leave your excellency to die here now, how should I answer for my deed hereafter to Allah?"

Harold Gwinnar could find no words to reply. His tongue was parched, and speech failed him. But he took the Arab's brown hand in his and grasped it fervently. The Arab smiled and nodded his head. Then he lay down once more with his habitual expression of resignation to fate. "Allah is great!" he said; "what he wills, he has good reason for."

Half an hour passed without another word being spoken between them. In truth, they were all far too faint to speak. Then suddenly Abd-er-Rahman, from the summit of the rock, uttered a loud, inarticulate cry, a cry so strange and loud, and so terrible, that it sounded hardly human.

"What is it?" Harold Gwinnar summoned up strength to exclaim.

"Nothing," the Arab answered in a husky voice. "Only a dust is rising in the desert."

"Sirocco!" Harold Gwinnar made reply, slowly; for he knew how that hot wind swooped down in gusts upon the sandy tablelands, and drives the fine detritus in sweeping clouds before it.

"No, not sirocco," the Arab answered with skilled perception. "The dust that is raised by men and camels." The dust that is raised by men and camels.

"Impossible!" Harold cried, flinging himself back on the ground in the impotence of despair. "No caravan would ever wander so far from the track, unless it was lost in the wilderness. He ran and shouted for joy. Even as he spoke, Abd-er-Rahman leaped wildly up from the rock, and as Harold could see by his shadow (for he himself was hidden by the projecting ledge) began waving his arms before the face of heaven with frantic gestures of exultation.

"A caravan! A caravan!" he cried aloud in husky tones. "We may still be saved if only we can manage to make them see us." At the words the Arab uttered a loud, inarticulate cry, a cry so strange and loud, and so terrible, that it sounded hardly human. "To save the master. I would run till I dropped before he should die in the desert!"

And he raised himself rapidly to the summit of the ridge, where he began to run along, with his arms lifted high, hallooing and gesticulating almost as freely as if he hadn't been lost for days in the waste. This new hope aroused all the latent Arab vigor within him. He ran and shouted for joy. Even as he spoke, Abd-er-Rahman leaped wildly up from the rock, and as Harold could see by his shadow (for he himself was hidden by the projecting ledge) began waving his arms before the face of heaven with frantic gestures of exultation.

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SOME STAGE SURPRISES.

THINGS THAT DO NOT TURN OUT AS EXPECTED.

What the Famous Kellar Says—How a Conjuror is Thwarted by His Audience—Wonderful Results by Unforeseen Means.

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It is one, sometimes two, and at the utmost three, against a thousand. These are the odds that confront a conjuror on the stage. The "one" is himself, the "two" includes the assistant, and the "three" takes in a second assistant. The "thousand" represents the audience, when I say that it is "one against a thousand," I mean "against" in all that word expresses. No intelligent audience is willingly deceived, and to deceive is the sole mission of the conjuror. Consequently every spectator for the moment becomes his arch enemy. A thousand eyes are pitted against one man's sleight of hand, and a thousand keen wits are massed against one man's coolness, nerve and judgment.

I propose to describe to-day how some of those friendly battles have come out. I want to tell you about some encounters I have had with members of my audiences, and of encounters I have personally witnessed, and show you how greatly a magician stands in need of ready wit, possessed of which he is seldom at a loss to turn apparent defeat into brilliant victory.

It was during the early years of the war that I became the apprentice and assistant of the famous Fakir of Agra (Haris Hughes), one of the best of the old-style magicians. In those days, the assistant had to do all of the fine work in most of the tricks, and, therefore, after a few weeks of careful study, I was sent down among the audience to borrow rings, which I changed for brass rings I had in my pocket, and to force cards upon such spectators as they were offered to. The incident I have in mind occurred in New Haven, Conn., in 1871.

We had been working very successfully a trick called the "rising card" trick. This was done as follows: I was sent into the audience with a pack of marked cards. But we had still another mystery, namely, to take the cards I had prepared for them. When these cards had been selected by the spectators, and when they had been put back with the pack and shuffled up, I would only be to stage with the cards in my hand. On my way I changed these cards to another stacked pack I had with me that had been especially prepared for this trick by having threads attached to such cards as were to be selected.

But the Fakir was not to be outwitted. He had a small electric bell hanging on the stage which we called the "speaking" bell. When the Fakir addressed a question to the bell requiring an affirmative answer, I rang the bell. When it required a negative reply, I rang it once. After the first time, the Fakir, who before the audience, put it into a glass goblet. The threads reached back to the stage where I was at once and I was able at will to raise any card in the pack. But we had still another mystery, namely, to take the cards I had prepared for them. When these cards had been selected by the spectators, and when they had been put back with the pack and shuffled up, I would only be to stage with the cards in my hand. On my way I changed these cards to another stacked pack I had with me that had been especially prepared for this trick by having threads attached to such cards as were to be selected.

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